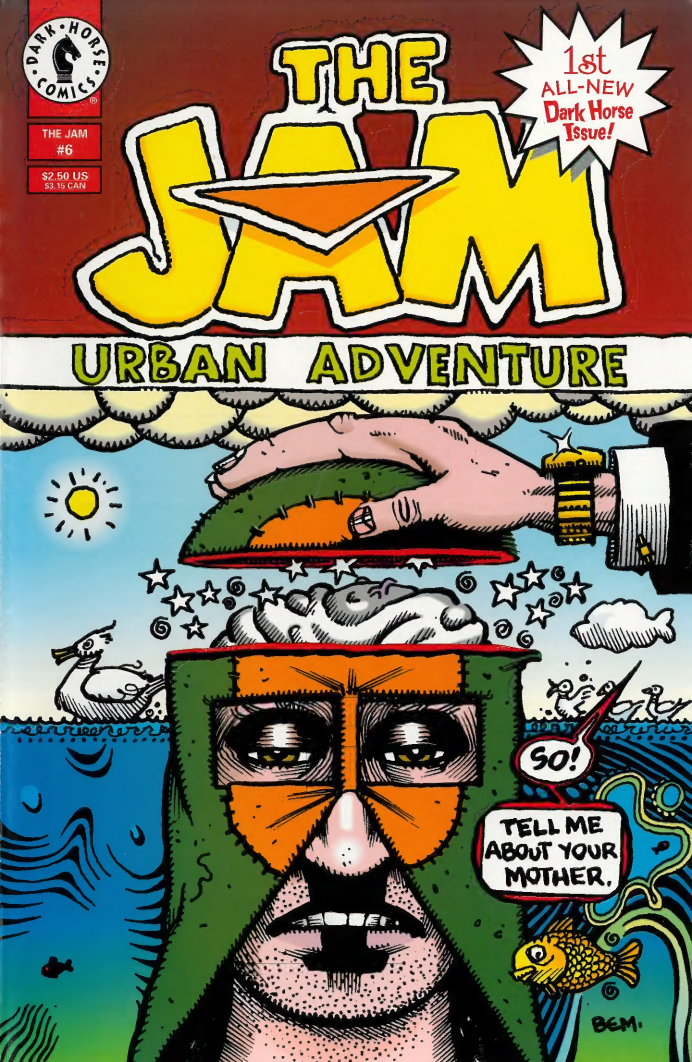
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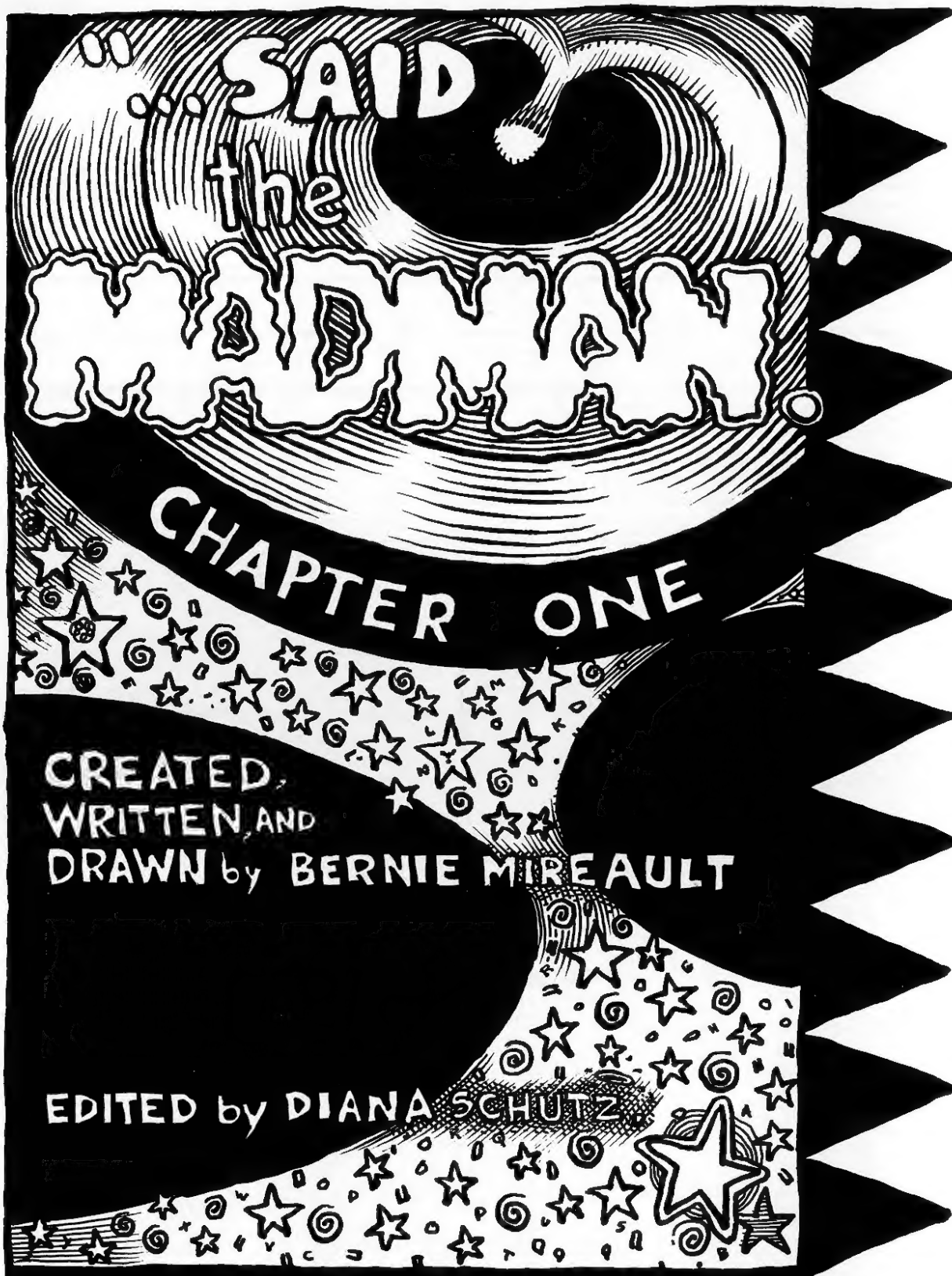
THE JAM
1st ALL-NEW Dark Horse Issue!
URBAN ADVENTURE
SO!
TELL ME ABOUT YOUR MOTHER.
BEM.



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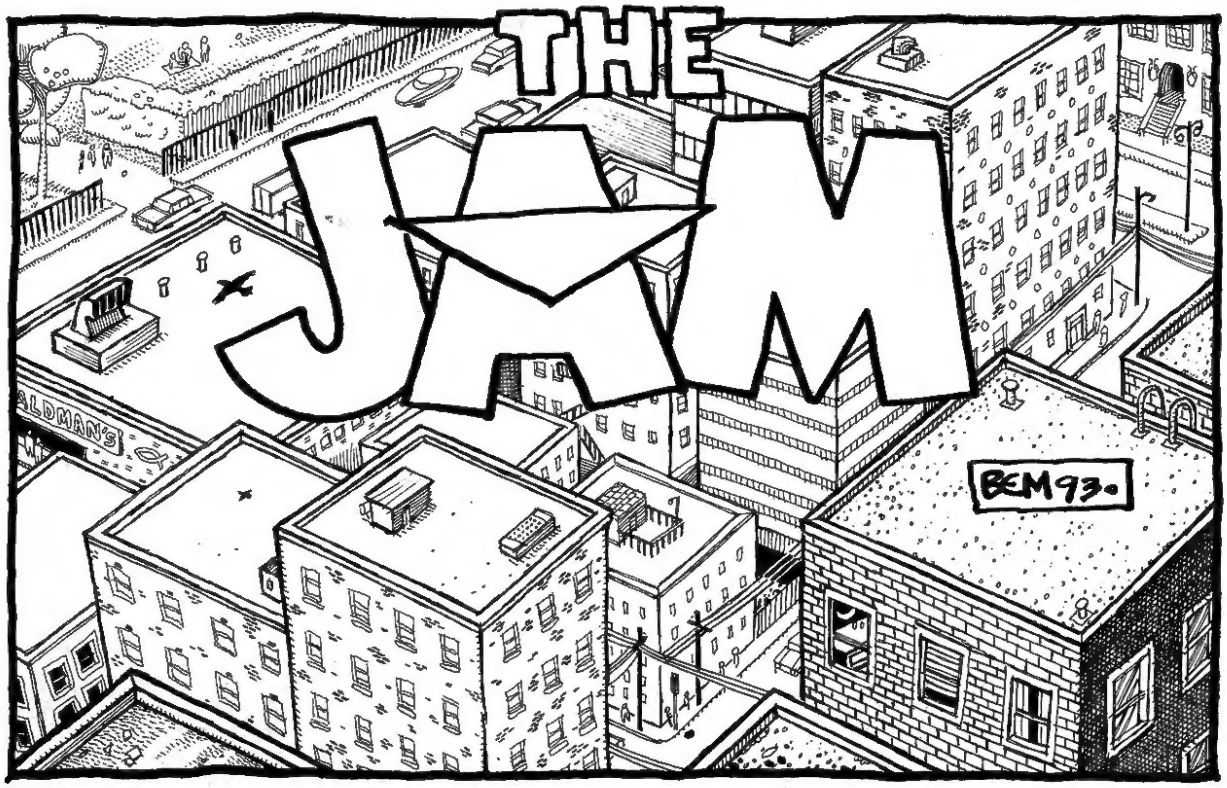
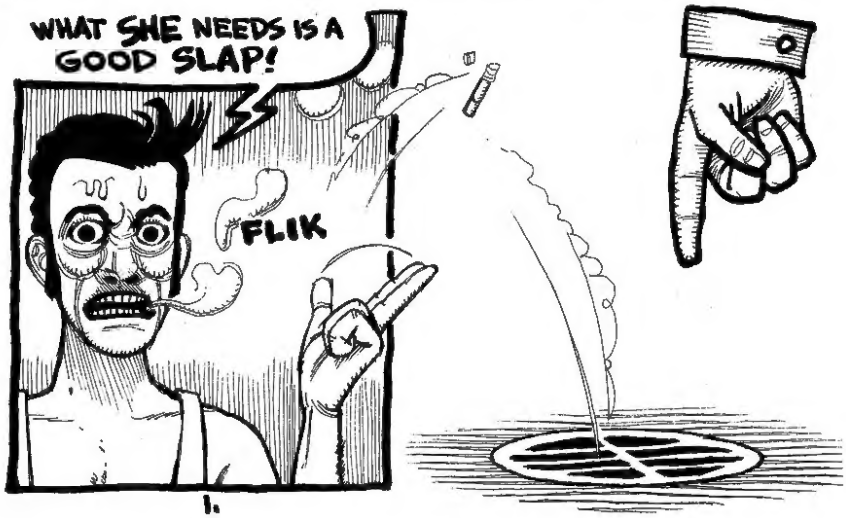
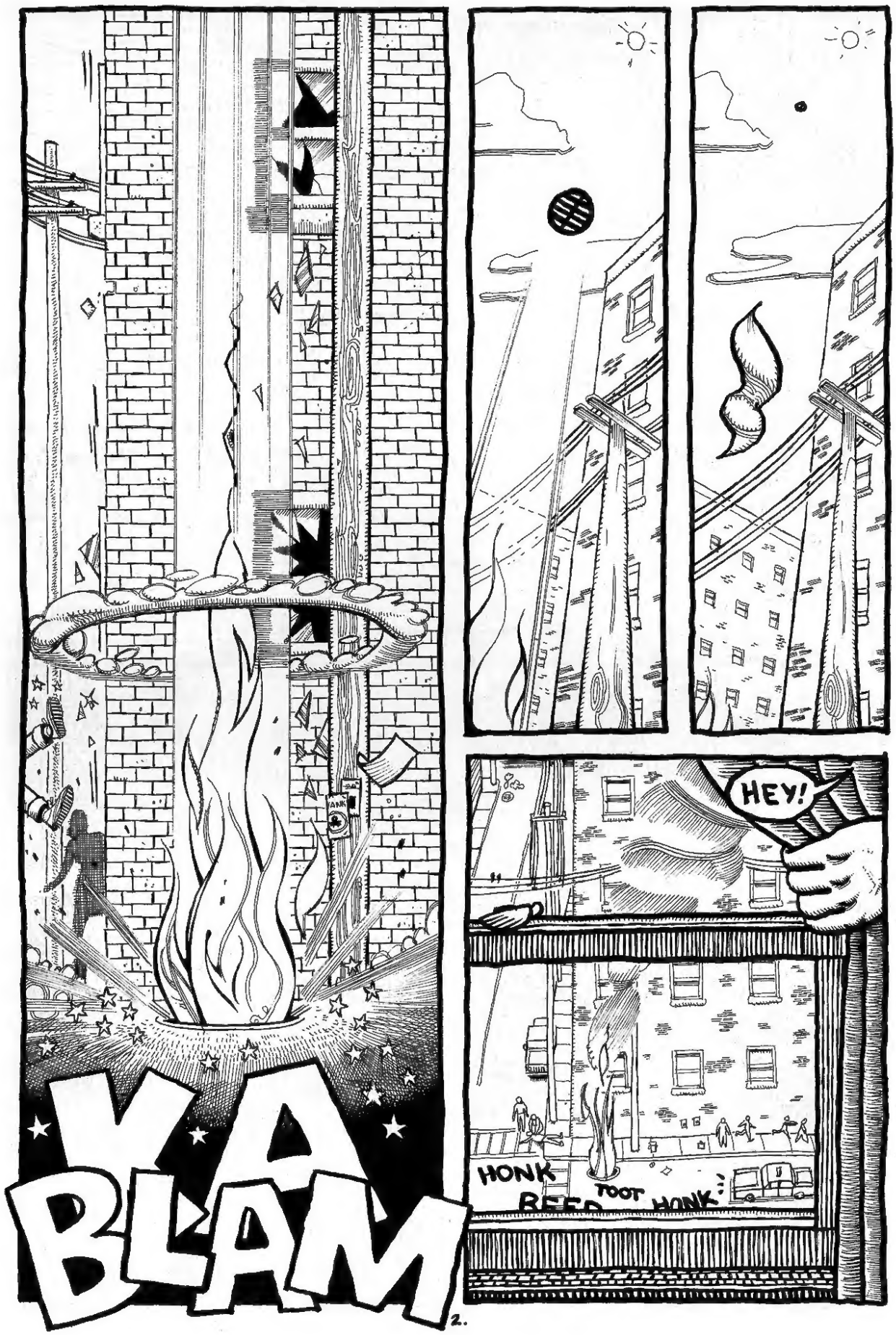

THE
JAM
ALDMAN'S
BEM93.

♪!

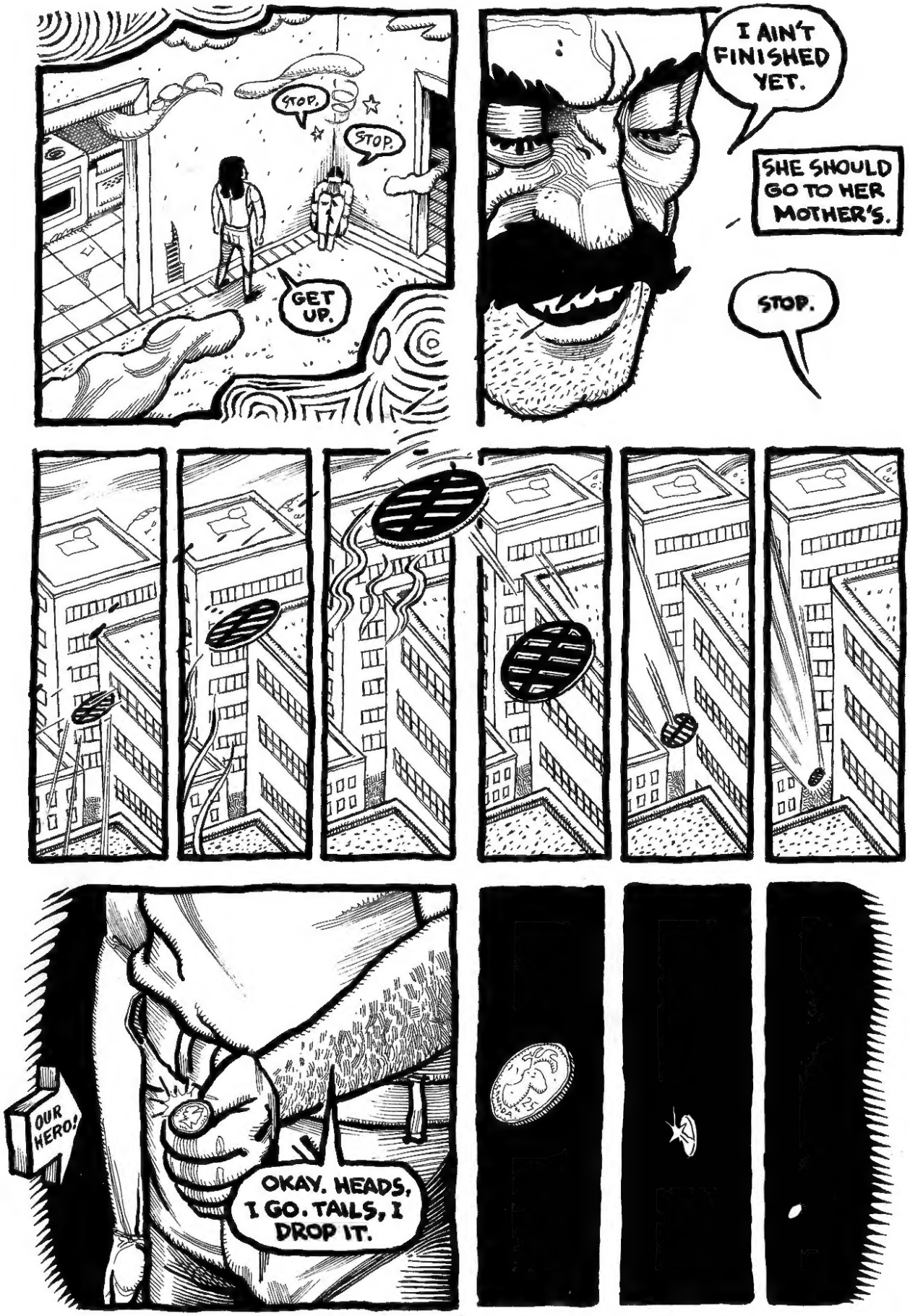
HEY! I'M LOOKIN' AT YOU!
SO?
SO... WANNA RIDE?
NO.
RANK

BITCH!


WHAT SHE NEEDS IS A GOOD SLAP!
FLIK


YA
BLAM
HEY!
HONK
TOOT
HONK

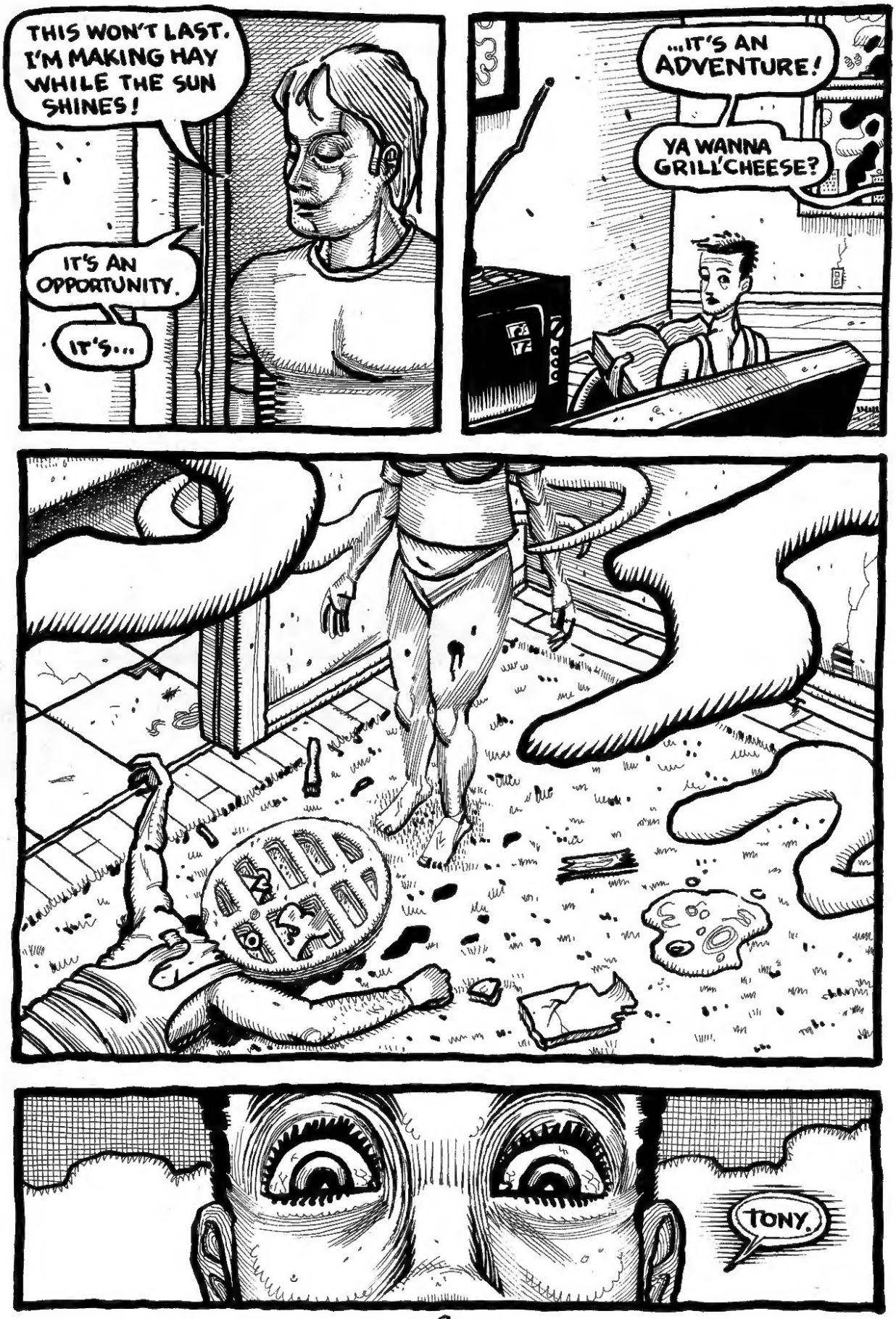
HEY, TONY!
THERE'S SOME KIND OF COMMOTION DOWN THERE...
...A FIRE IN THE SEWER.
DO I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING?
NINA?!
THE GRILL' CHEESE!
MY GRILL'CHEESE?!
I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER ONE!
YOU BURN MY LUNCH!!
OW!
STOP!
SHADRAP!
WAP!
SCREECH!!
NEIGHBORS.
YOUR TURN TO CALL THE COPS.
THIS IS SO DEPRESSING.
DO IT.
SIGH.

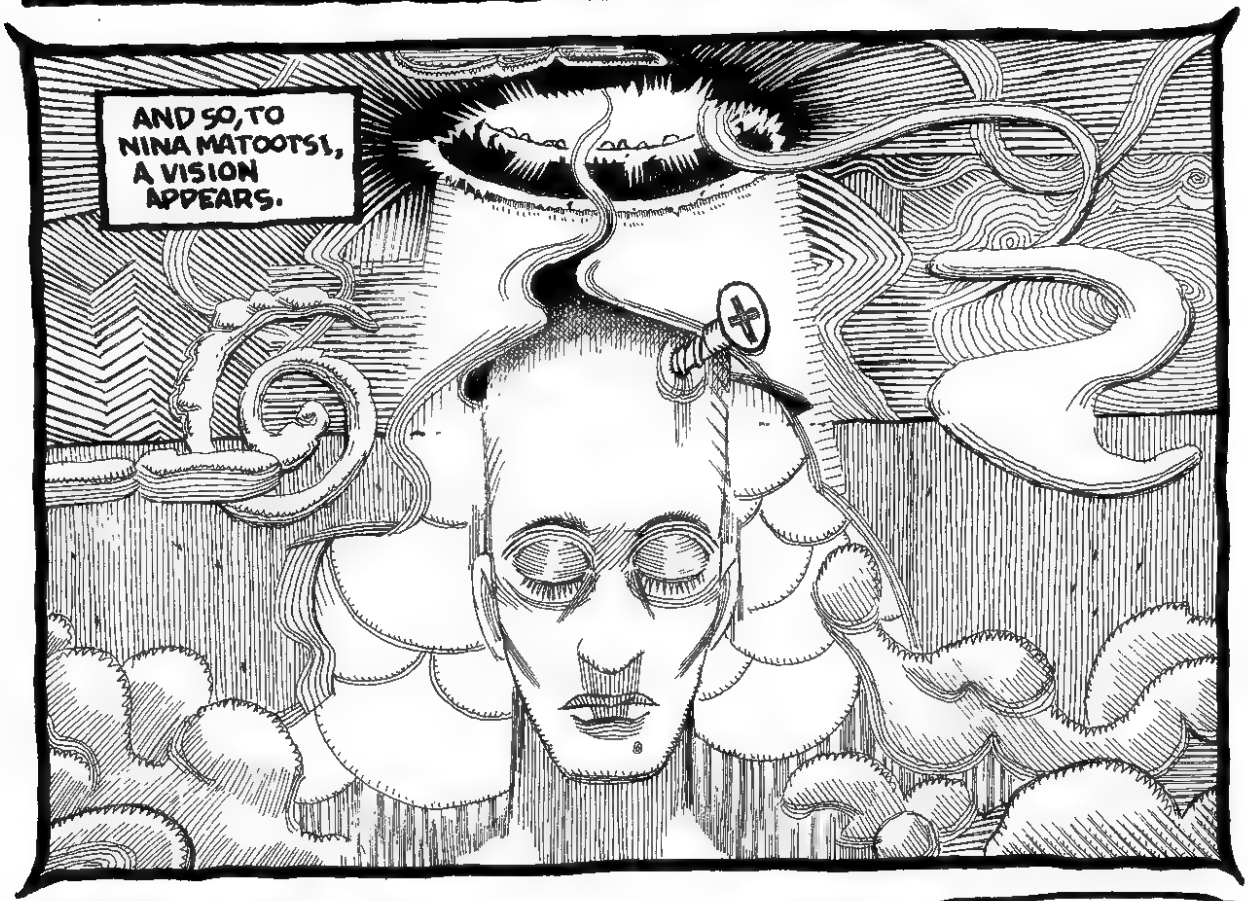

STOP.
STOP.
GET UP.
I AIN'T FINISHED YET.
SHE SHOULD GO TO HER MOTHER'S.
STOP.
OUR HERO!
OKAY. HEADS, I GO. TAILS, I DROP IT.

NEVER!
BOOT!
NEVER!
STOP.
STOP.
STOP.
NEVER!
OH, PLEASE, GOD.
MAKE IT STOP.
CRACK!

HEADS.

SO.
YOU'RE GOING?
YUP.
I THINK.
OH, GORDIE!
WHAT IF IT'S A TRAP!?
WHAT?!
WHAT IF THEY TAKE YOU AWAY?
GET SERIOUS, JANET!
THIS IS LIKE SHOW BIZ!
IT'S A JOB!
WHO NEEDS A JOB?! WE HAVE OVER A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
YEAH, YEAH.
MAYBE I JUST LIKE THE IDEA.
I'VE NEVER SPOKEN TO A SHRINK BEFORE.
AND IT PAYS 1500 BUCKS!
I HATE THAT OLD LADY!
EVERY TIME SHE CALLS, YOU RUN OFF AND I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE GONNA GET KILLED OR WHAT!


THIS WON'T LAST. I'M MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES!
IT'S AN OPPORTUNITY.
IT'S...
...IT'S AN ADVENTURE!
YA WANNA GRILL'CHEESE?
TONY.


AND SO, TO NINA MATOOTSI, A VISION APPEARS.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HELLO?
IS THERE A FIRE? WHAT--?!!
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT SH

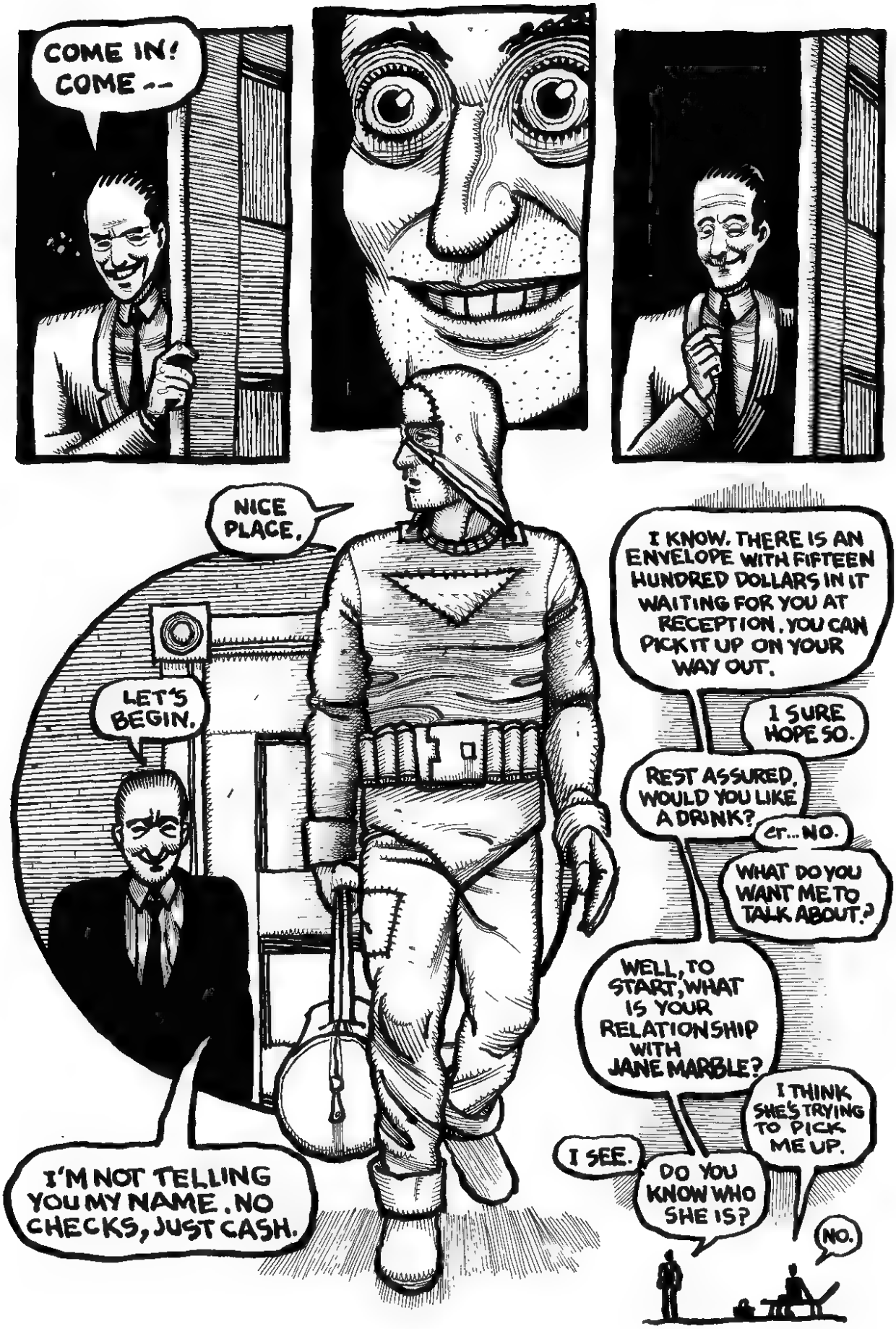
..STILL CAN'T FIND THE COVER.
ON THE LOCAL SCENE.
A LEAKING GAS MAIN AND A CASUALLY TOSSED CIGARETTE COMBINED WITH EXPLOSIVE RESULTS TODAY ON THE CORNER OF PAPINEAU AND SHERBROOKE.
ONE MAN WAS KNOCKED OUT AND ANOTHER KILLED WHEN THE MAN-HOLE COVER, WHICH WAS SHOT HUNDREDS OF FEET INTO THE AIR BY THE BLAST, CRASHED THROUGH THE ROOF OF HIS TOP-FLOOR APARTMENT.
CBTV 12
ACROSS TOWN, THE MAYOR WAS ENDURING HARSH CRITICISM FOR HIS DECISION TO HAVE ALL THE WINDOWS IN CITY HALL INSTALLED WITH BULLET-PROOF GLASS...
PLAY THEME MUSIC HERE.*
* ANYTHING BY THE FEELIES.

FLASHBACK.
RRRING!
HELLO
HELLO, GORDON. JANE HERE.
HI, BOSS.
HAH!
I MIGHT HAVE ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU.
A PSYCHIATRIST WILL PAY 1500 BUCKS AN HOUR TO INTERVIEW THE JAM.
IS HE CRAZY?
YES.
I KNOW HIS FAMILY. HE COMES FROM A LONG LINE OF LUNATICS, BUT HE'S HARMLESS. CURRENTLY, HE'S WORKING ON A BOOK. HE'S CERTAINLY GOOD FOR THE MONEY. HIS NAME IS ANDREW MANDIGO.
NOW.
WHEN?
MEANWHILE...
COME AND KNOCK ON OUR DOOOOOOORRRRR WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOOOOOOUUUUUU
NOK NOK
WHERE THE TOWELS ARE HERS AND HERS AND HIS.. THREE'S COMPANY TOOOOOOO!
DEBBIE! KURT! HI!
HI, JANET.
WE NEED REFUGE.
96

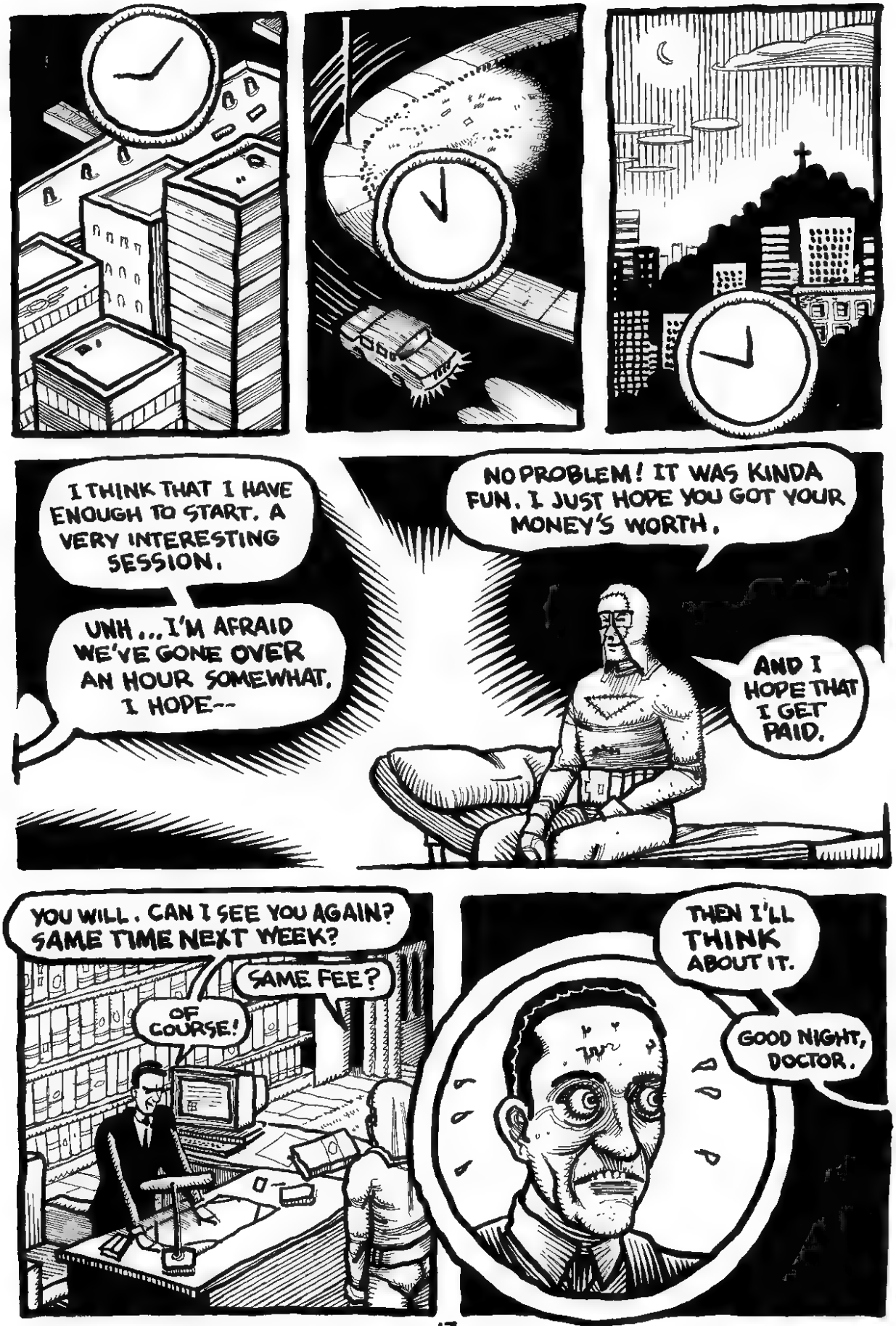
DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED UPSTAIRS THIS AFTERNOON?
NO!
YOU KNOW OUR NEIGHBORS? THE YOUNG ONE WITH THE HUSBAND ALWAYS YELLING? WELL, THIS MORNING HE STARTS ABOUT SOME STUPID THING, AND IT GETS VIOLENT. ALL OF A SUDDEN THERE'S THIS HUGE CRASH!
KURT GOES TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON AND FINDS THIS WOMAN IN HER UNDERWEAR PRAYING TO THE HEADLESS CORPSE OF HER HUSBAND.
HIS HEAD WAS TAKEN OFF BY THIS MANHOLE COVER FROM HEAVEN.
NOW THERE'S THIS HOLE IN THE ROOF THAT SHE SAYS IS "GOD'S DOOR." SHE WOULDN'T EVEN LET THE LANDLORD IN TO SEE IT. SHE HAD A SCREAMING FIT WHEN THE CITY WORKERS CAME FOR THE MANHOLE COVER. THE COPS HAVE BEEN IN AND OUT ALL DAY.
THE FLYING MANHOLE COVER! I SAW THAT ON THE NEWS! THAT HAPPENED HERE?!
NOW SHE'S PRAYING. WE CAN HEAR HER THROUGH THE WALL, AND IT'S DRIVING ME NUTS!!
CAN I MAKE SOME TEA?
SURE.
WHERE'S GORDIE?
RSSSH!
SPARE A BUCK, MAN?

YOU SHOULD PUT SOME CLOTHES ON, PAL.
HISSSSS!
WHATEVER.
JOURNAL ENTRY, JUNE 27, 1992. TONIGHT I MEET "THE JAMMER."
A MAN WHO WEARS A COSTUME AND FIGHTS CRIME.
POSSIBILITIES FOR THE BOOK ARE OBVIOUS. MEDIA CONNECTION IS STRONG, AND HIS CREDENTIALS ARE EXCELLENT, COMING AS THEY DO FROM JANE MARBLE!
HE IS SURE TO BE A PALE OF THE ORIGINAL, THOUGH. I SUSPECT THAT SHE IS KEEPING HIM. PERHAPS THROUGH HIM I WILL GET HER INTO THE BOOK.
ALSO NOTABLE IS THE FACT THAT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY CAREER, I AM PAYING THE PATIENT. A TRIFLE, AND ONE WELL WORTH THE EXPENSE, IF IT SHOULD LEAD ME TO "THE TORCH".
CLICK
IT WILL BE A GREAT BOOK.

SIR, A MISTER JAMMER TO SEE YOU.
SEND HIM UP.
YES, SIR.
YOU TAKE THE LIFT TO THE PENTHOUSE.
THANKS.
KNOCK KNOCK
ONE MINUTE.

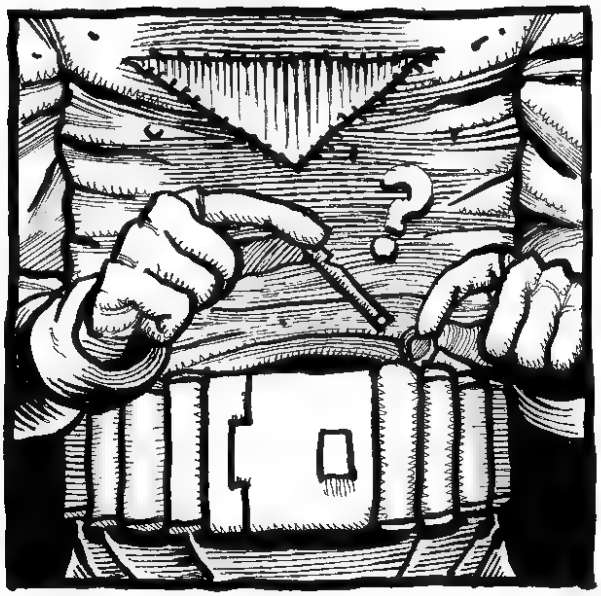

COME IN! COME --
NICE PLACE.
LET'S BEGIN.
I'M NOT TELLING YOU MY NAME. NO CHECKS, JUST CASH.
I KNOW. THERE IS AN ENVELOPE WITH FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN IT WAITING FOR YOU AT RECEPTION. YOU CAN PICK IT UP ON YOUR WAY OUT.
I SURE HOPE SO.
REST ASSURED. WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK?
er... NO.
WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO TALK ABOUT?
WELL, TO START, WHAT IS YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH JANE MARBLE?
I THINK SHE'S TRYING TO PICK ME UP.
I SEE.
DO YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS?
NO.

WELL. THAT'S FOR HER TO TELL, I SUPPOSE.
WHAT?! TELL ME!
ASK HER YOURSELF. I'M PAYING YOU WELL FOR THIS HOUR, AND I INTEND TO DRAW FULL MEASURE.
RELAX...
I WANT YOU TO JUST TALK. TELL ME WHO "THE JAMMER" IS AND WHY HE DOES WHAT HE DOES. JUST TALK.
COULD YOU PUT OUT YOUR PIPE? THE SMELL MAKES ME NAUSEOUS.
WHAT ARE YOU SMOKING... FISH?
HAHA.
PIPE'S OUT.
I'M RECORDING.
YOU CAN START ANYTIME.
UNNHHHH...
...LIKE...
ER...
I DON'T WEAR THE COSTUME MUCH. MY SISTER MADE IT FOR ME TWO HALLOWEENS AGO.
I LIKE IT.
SOMETIMES I WEAR IT TO WALK THE DOG.
IT'S LIKE A JOKE.
THAT'S HOW I MET JANE MARBLE.
I JUST HAPPENED TO HAVE IT ON WHEN I STUMBLED ACROSS HER BEING MUGGED.
NOW I SORT OF WORK FOR HER.
I THINK...

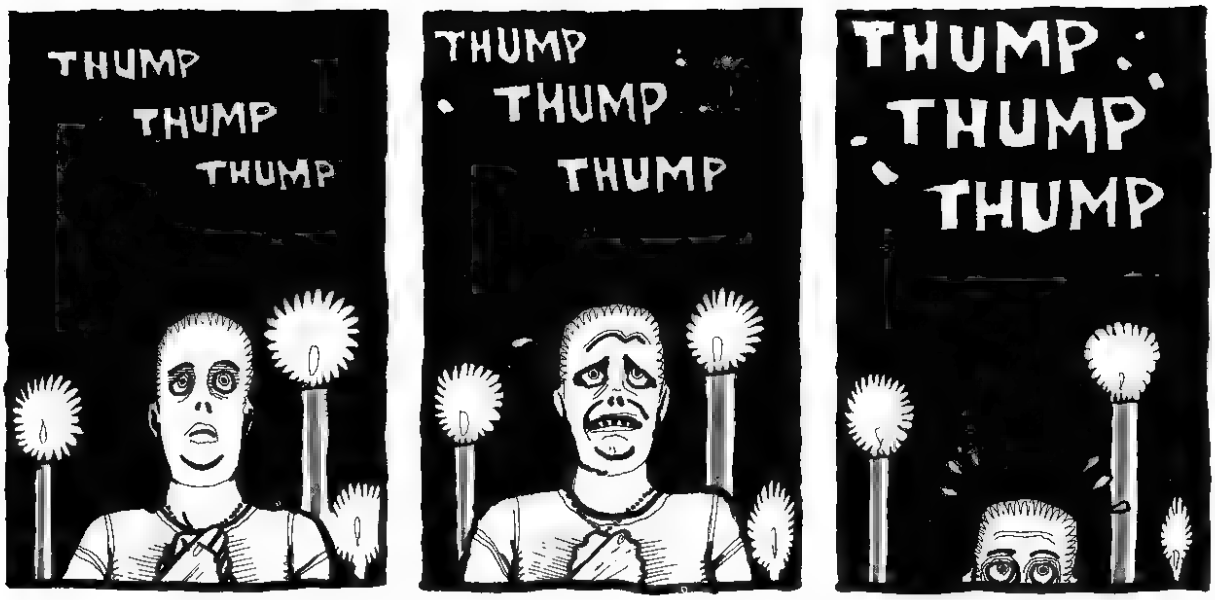

I THINK THAT I HAVE ENOUGH TO START. A VERY INTERESTING SESSION.
UNH... I'M AFRAID WE'VE GONE OVER AN HOUR SOMEWHAT. I HOPE--
NO PROBLEM! IT WAS KINDA FUN. I JUST HOPE YOU GOT YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.
AND I HOPE THAT I GET PAID.
YOU WILL. CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN? SAME TIME NEXT WEEK?
SAME FEE?
OF COURSE!
THEN I'LL THINK ABOUT IT.
GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR.

FOLLOW HIM.
FAMOUS PSYCHIATRISTS
SIGMUND FREUD
ANDREW MANDIGO
YOU'RE WORKING LATE.
NOW I KNOW YOUR SECRET IDENTITY.
301
PLEASE DON'T TELL.
I WON'T.
SEE YOU NEXT TIME!
GOOD NIGHT.
SONIA.

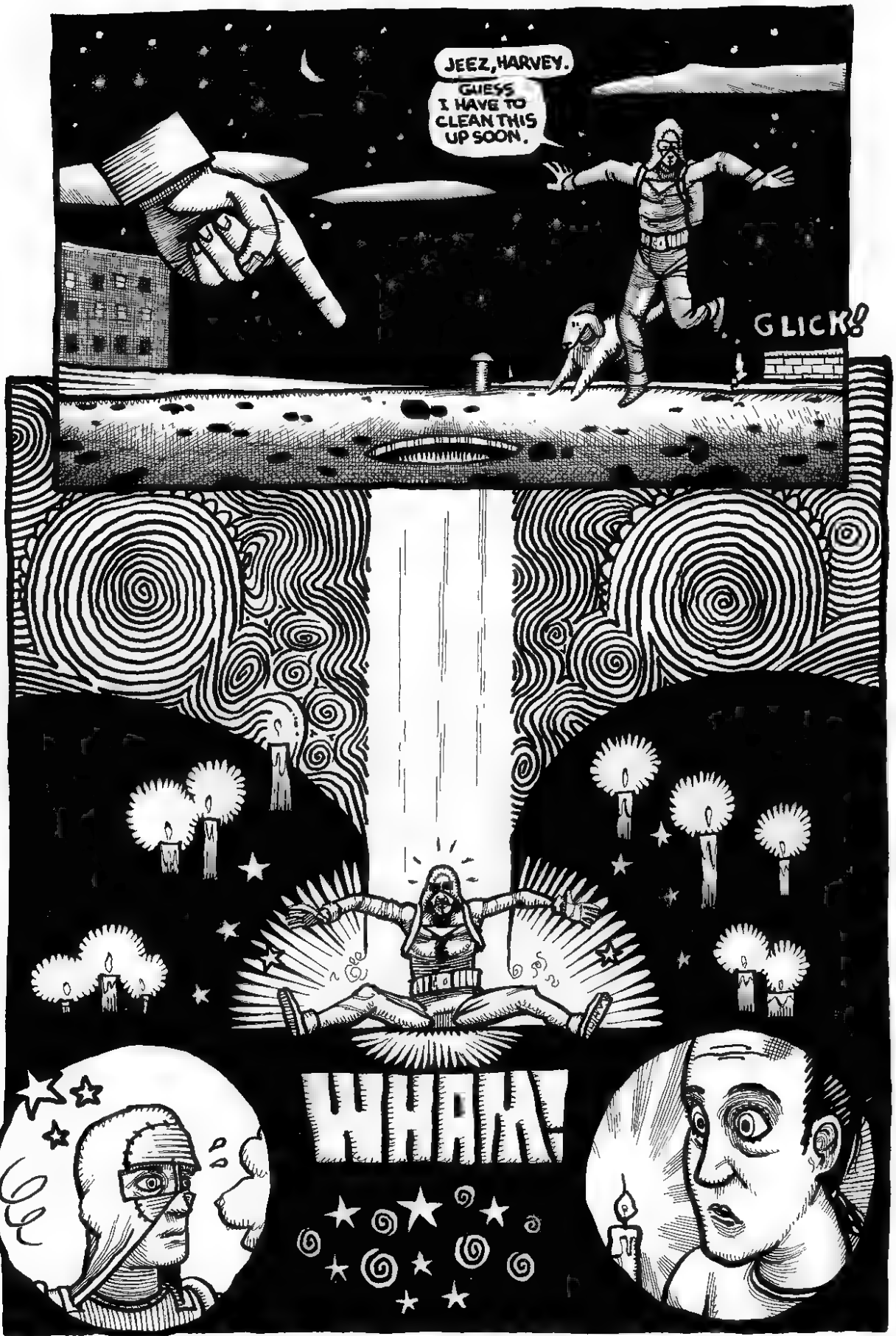
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ANTENNA?
SSHHHHHH!
GORDIE.
THE T.V. DRIVES HIM NUTS.
WHERE IS HE?

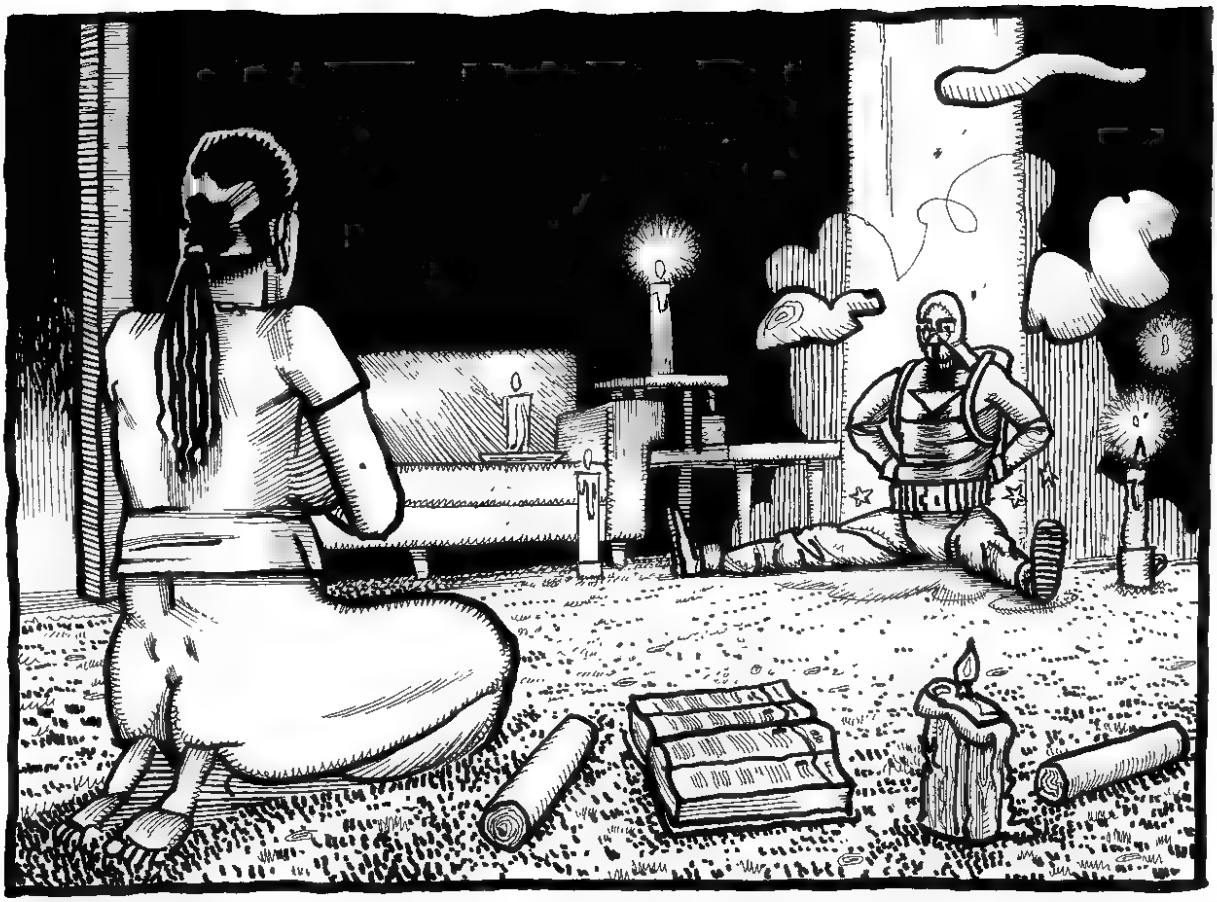


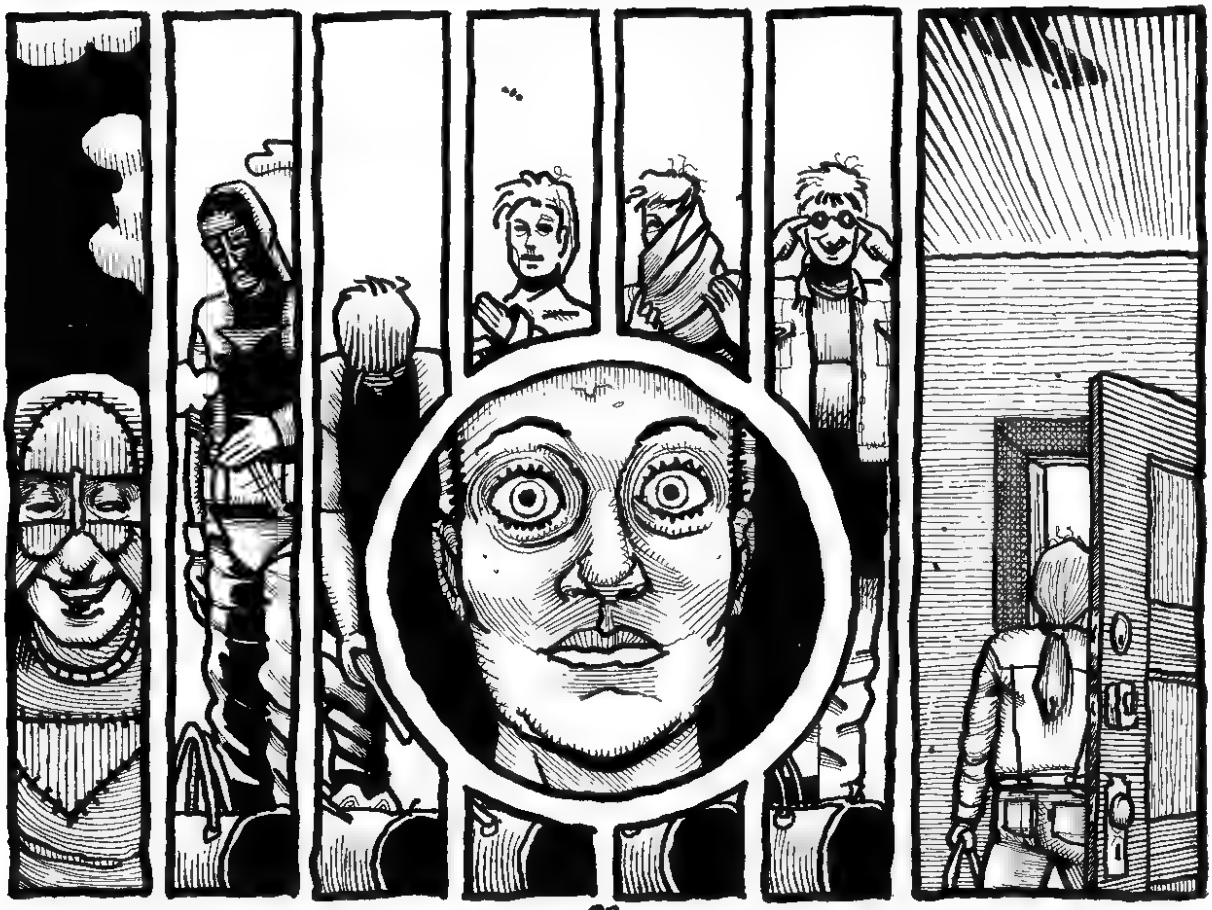
YOUR DOG IS GOING BERSERK!
HE JUST WANTS OUT.
GORDIE'S TRAINED HIM TO GO FOR DUMPS ON THE ROOF.
GOOD DOG!
THUMP


THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP

THUMP
THUMP


JEEZ, HARVEY. GUESS I HAVE TO CLEAN THIS UP SOON.
GLICK!
WHAM!

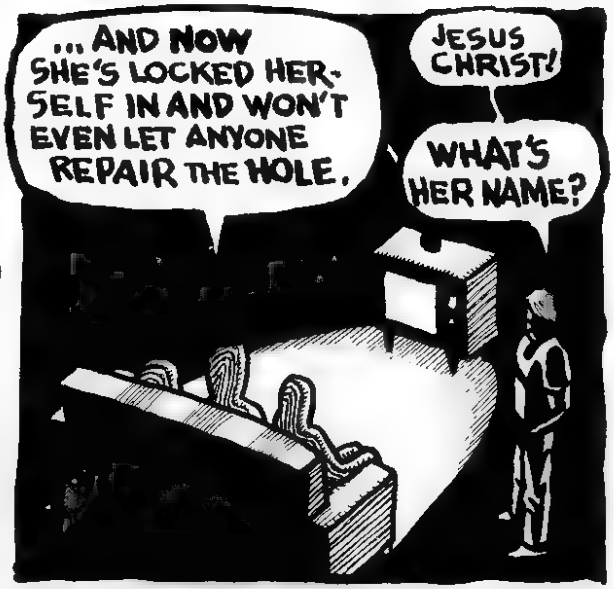




HI.
YOU'RE LATE.
IT'S A JUNGLE OUT THERE.
HI, KURT! HI, DEBBIE!
Hey-- YOUR DOG'S BACK AT THE WINDOW.

HELLO, GORDIE.
HEY, MAN.
DID YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN THE BUILDING TODAY?!
NO.

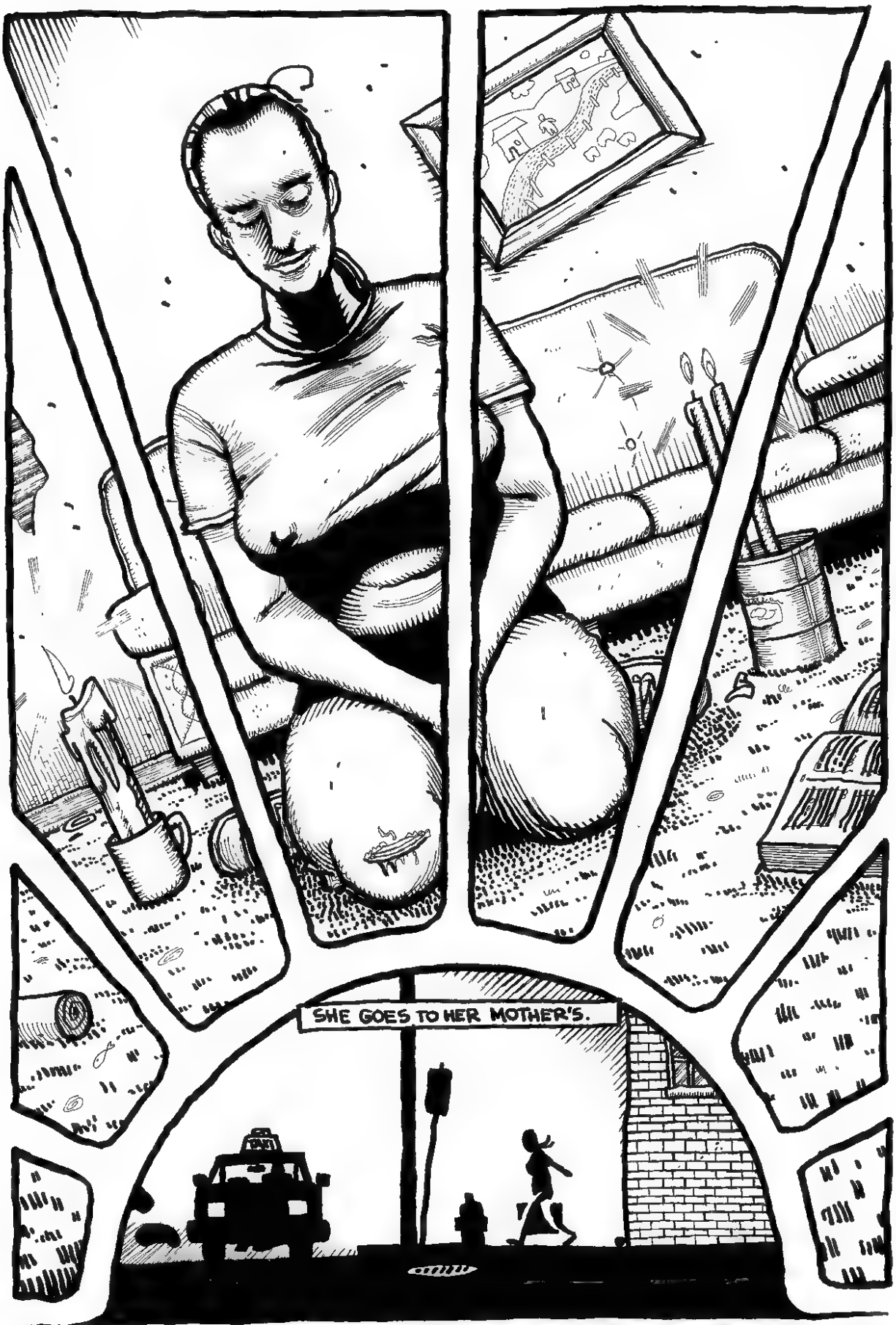
A MAN GOT KILLED! IT WAS UPSTAIRS.
KURT SAW THE BODY.
TELL HIM...
AWWW...
TELL ME.

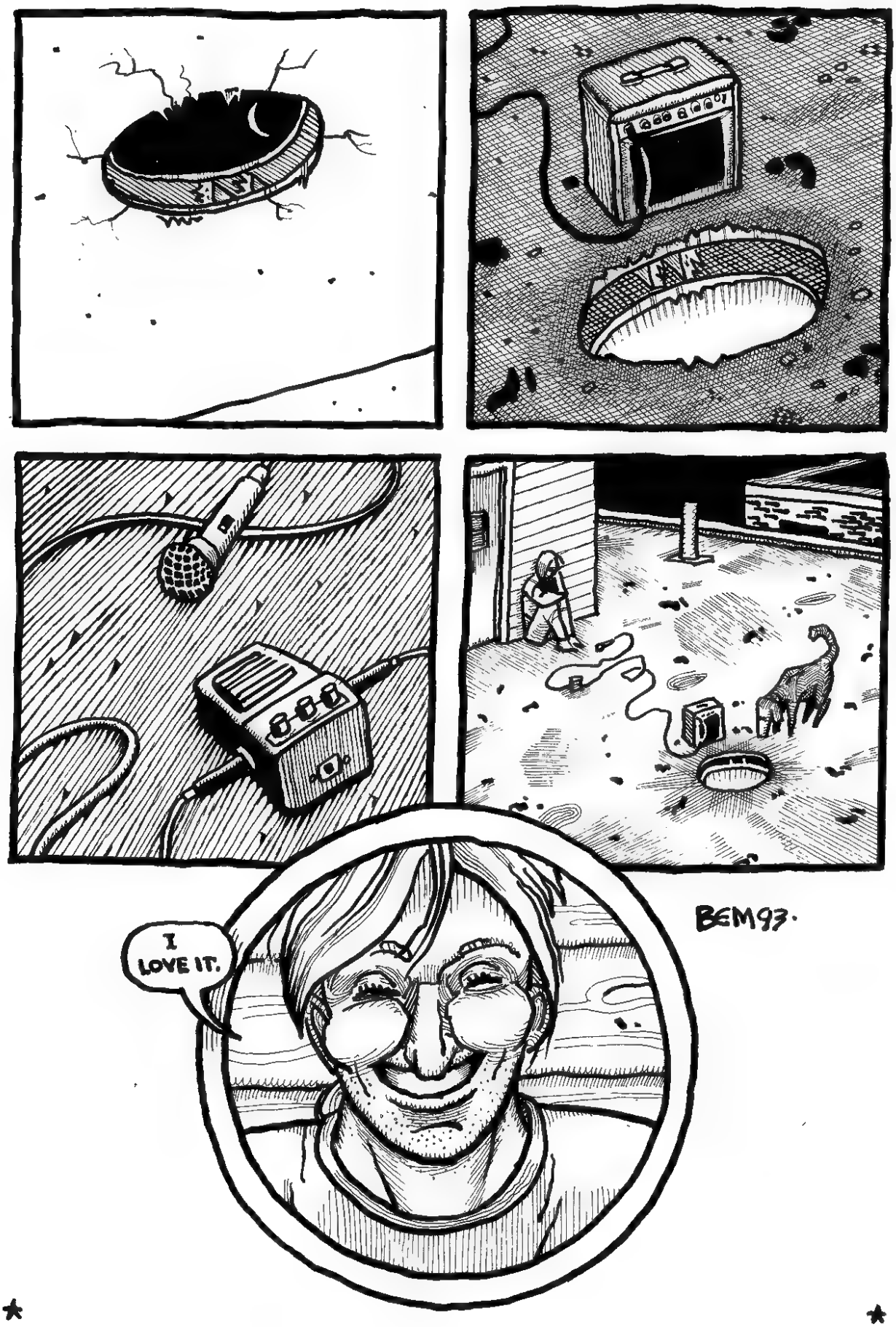

...AND NOW SHE'S LOCKED HERSELF IN AND WON'T EVEN LET ANYONE REPAIR THE HOLE.
JESUS CHRIST!
WHAT'S HER NAME?

NINA.
HER NAME IS NINA.

OH, NO. NOT THIS!
HEY! THIS IS A GREA MOVIE

HAIL MARY. FULL OF GRACE. THE LORD IS WITH THEE.
AMONGST WOMEN AND BLESSED IS THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB, JESUS. HOLY MARY, MOTHER OF GOD, PRAY FOR--
FOR--
CHILD
I HEAR YOU
NINA, I HAVE GIVEN YOU A FRESH START.
YOU MUST SEEK YOUR FRIENDS.
UNEARTHLY VOICE.
GO TO YOUR FAMILY AND HEAL.
THANK YOU!
I LOVE YOU.
GO.


SHE GOES TO HER MOTHER'S.


I LOVE IT.
BEM93.

NEWS

HELLO.

I'M BERNIE MIREAULT AND I HAVE SOME NEWS ABOUT THIS COMIC, BUT WE'LL GET TO THAT LATER. FIRST I WOULD LIKE TO TALK A BIT ABOUT WHERE I LIVE, MONTREAL.

ON THE SURFACE, IT'S LIKE ANY CITY. IT SMELLS LIKE TOO MANY CARS, AND THE HOMELESS WANDER AROUND LIKE ZOMBIES WHO EAT SPARE CHANGE, AND THE POLITICS ARE EMBARRASSINGLY PETTY, AND THERE ARE MORE THAN ENOUGH ASSHOLES WILLING TO WHIP UP A RIOT AFTER A HOCKEY GAME,

BUT THERE'S GOOD STUFF, TOO!

ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE INTO COMIC ART 'N' STUFF!

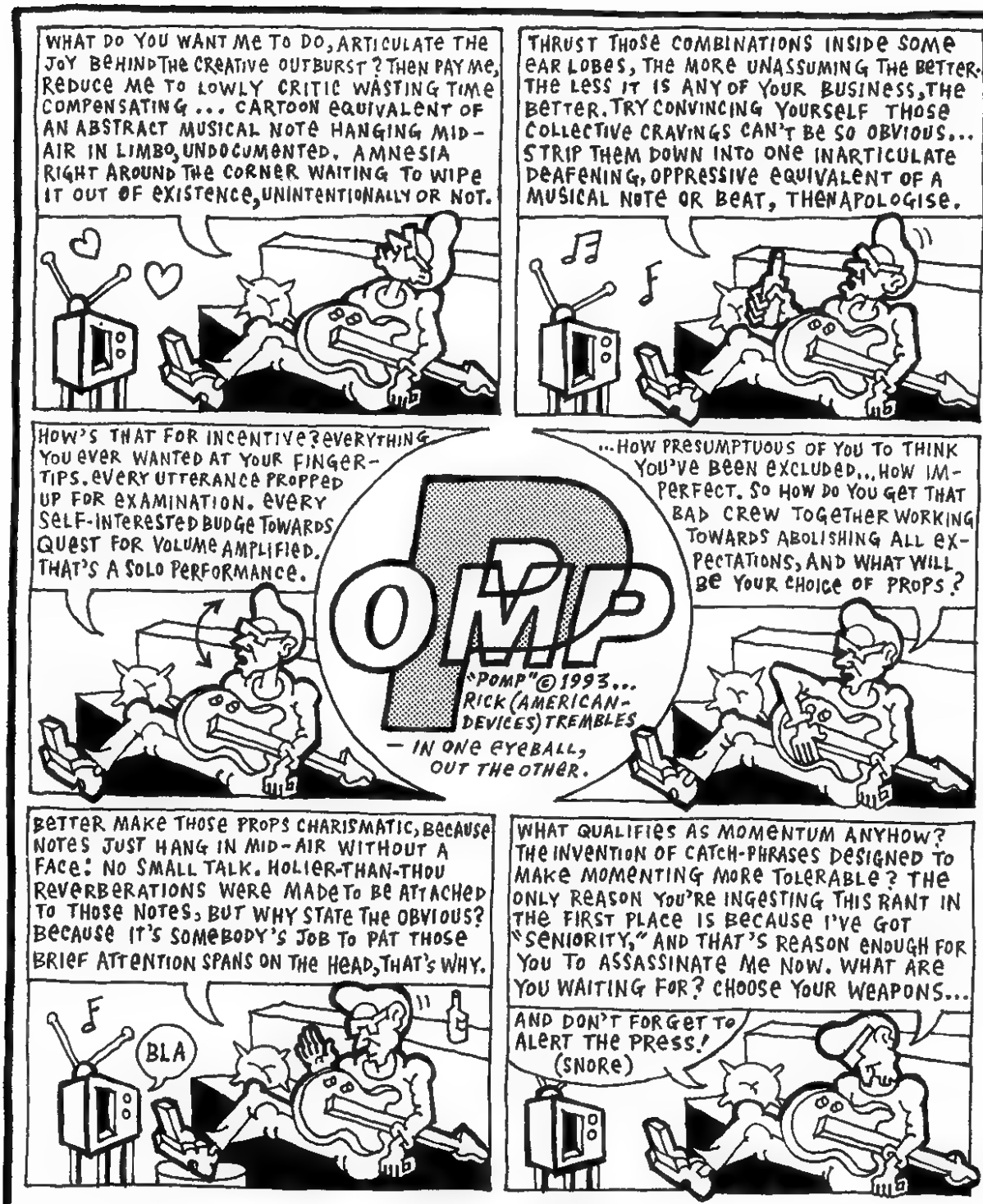
HERE, TWO MAJOR CULTURES COLLIDE AND FORNICATE LIKE WILD ANIMALS! BOTH EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES HAVE RICH COMIC-ART TRADITIONS AND A CARTOONIST WHO WAS RAISED HERE WOULD BENEFIT FROM AN INCREDIBLE DIVERSITY OF INFLUENCES. ON ANY DAY YOU COULD LOOK THROUGH THE COMPLETE COLLECTION OF HERGÉ'S "TINTIN" AT THE LOCAL LIBRARY, THEN DISCOVER JACK KIRBY'S "THE DEMON" OVER AT A FRIEND'S PLACE, AND TOP IT ALL OFF LATER THAT EVENING BY SNEAKING INTO YOUR OLDER SISTER'S ROOM WHILE SHE'S OUT AND READING A FEW OF GILBERT SHELTON'S "FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS" COMICS. LYING IN BED AT THE END OF THE DAY NOT KNOWING WHETHER TO SHIT OR WIND YOUR WATCH, YOU DREAM OF THE ART *YOU* WANT TO DO...

...AND WHEN YOU DO YOUR OWN COMICS, YOU SEE HOW YOUR WORK IS A HYBRID OF THREE SCHOOLS OF COMIC ART:

- EUROPEAN.
- AMERICAN UNDERGROUND.
- AMERICAN MAINSTREAM.

COOL, HUNH?!

THE NEWS IS THAT "THE JAM" WILL REGULARLY FEATURE SHORT STORIES BY LOCAL MONTRÉAL ARTISTS. THE FOLLOWING FOUR PAGES ARE ONLY BRIEF GLIMPSES OF WHAT WILL COME. I SINGLE OUT THESE FOUR ARTISTS BECAUSE THEY'RE MY BUDDIES AND I KNOW THAT I CAN GET STORIES FROM THEM. I THINK ALL THIS STUFF IS GREAT! C'MON, LET'S GET GOING!


WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, ARTICULATE THE JOY BEHIND THE CREATIVE OUTBURST? THEN PAY ME, REDUCE ME TO LOWLY CRITIC WASTING TIME COMPENSATING ... CARTOON EQUIVALENT OF AN ABSTRACT MUSICAL NOTE HANGING MID-AIR IN LIMBO, UNDOCUMENTED. AMNESIA RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER WAITING TO WIPE IT OUT OF EXISTENCE, UNINTENTIONALLY OR NOT.
THRUST THOSE COMBINATIONS INSIDE SOME EAR LOBES, THE MORE UNASSUMING THE BETTER. THE LESS IT IS ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS, THE BETTER. TRY CONVINCING YOURSELF THOSE COLLECTIVE CRAVINGS CAN'T BE SO OBVIOUS... STRIP THEM DOWN INTO ONE INARTICULATE DEAFENING, OPPRESSIVE EQUIVALENT OF A MUSICAL NOTE OR BEAT, THEN APOLOGISE.
HOW'S THAT FOR INCENTIVE? EVERYTHING YOU EVER WANTED AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS. EVERY UTTERANCE PROPPED UP FOR EXAMINATION. EVERY SELF-INTERESTED BUDGE TOWARDS QUEST FOR VOLUME AMPLIFIED. THAT'S A SOLO PERFORMANCE.
...HOW PRESUMPTUOUS OF YOU TO THINK YOU'VE BEEN EXCLUDED... HOW IMPERFECT. SO HOW DO YOU GET THAT BAD CREW TOGETHER WORKING TOWARDS ABOLISHING ALL EXPECTATIONS, AND WHAT WILL BE YOUR CHOICE OF PROPS?
OMP
"POMP" © 1993... RICK (AMERICAN-DEVICES) TREMBLES — IN ONE EYEBALL, OUT THE OTHER.
BETTER MAKE THOSE PROPS CHARISMATIC, BECAUSE NOTES JUST HANG IN MID-AIR WITHOUT A FACE! NO SMALL TALK. HOLIER-THAN-THOU REVERBERATIONS WERE MADE TO BE ATTACHED TO THOSE NOTES, BUT WHY STATE THE OBVIOUS? BECAUSE IT'S SOMEBODY'S JOB TO PAT THOSE BRIEF ATTENTION SPANS ON THE HEAD, THAT'S WHY.
BLA
WHAT QUALIFIES AS MOMENTUM ANYHOW? THE INVENTION OF CATCH-PHRASES DESIGNED TO MAKE MOMENTING MORE TOLERABLE? THE ONLY REASON YOU'RE INGESTING THIS RANT IN THE FIRST PLACE IS BECAUSE I'VE GOT "SENIORITY," AND THAT'S REASON ENOUGH FOR YOU TO ASSASSINATE ME NOW. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? CHOOSE YOUR WEAPONS...
AND DON'T FORGET TO ALERT THE PRESS! (SNORE)

RICK TREMBLES

A VETERAN OF THE MONTRÉAL "SCENE," BOTH IN COMICS (WITH HIS BOOK, "SUGAR DIET") AND MUSIC (HIS BAND, "THE AMERICAN DEVICES"). RICK'S ART IS EXACTLY LIKE HIS MUSIC, VERY ORIGINAL AND INTELLIGENT. IN HIS WRITING, HE HAS DEVELOPED HIS OWN LANGUAGE THAT'S ALMOST POETRY. THE PAGE REPRODUCED HERE (COURTESY "FLAMING POUTINE" COMICS) IS THE RESULT OF AN EDITOR ASKING RICK TO REVIEW THE CURRENT (1993) MUSIC SCENE IN MONTRÉAL. NEEDLESS TO SAY, RICK IS **NOT** IMPRESSED. MONTRÉAL IS NOT KNOWN FOR SUPPORTING ANYTHING OTHER THAN HOCKEY, AND DISCO MUSIC, AND, OF COURSE, BIG BUSINESS! I THINK THAT RICK'S A GENIUS. HE SHOULD BE **RICH!**

Oh, Donna.
MARCELLA'S SCAR
BY ALEXANDRA TIGCHELAAR AND RUPERT BOTTENBERG
My best friend Donna is a stripper. She told me not to tell anyone so I don't, but I hate her stupid job.
Look. I know it's real trendy to defend stripping right now, because, like, hey! "They" have to work, too. It's a give-and-take thing, right? Yeah, right. You give me ten bucks, and I give you my self-respect.
KRAFT dinner
It's like this: It's three in the morning, and Donna just called me. She's crying her head off, she's broke, she's all wired out on blow, and some guy just stuck his finger up her ASS while she was dancing at his table.
What the FUCK?!
I'm taking a taxi down to the Sex Machine to pick her up. Wanna come along?
I didn't think so.

RUPERT BOTTENBERG • LIKE ALL THE ARTISTS FEATURED HERE, RUPERT IS INVOLVED IN SUPPORTING THE LOCAL MUSIC SCENE. HE REGULARLY DOES COOL POSTERS FOR ANY NUMBER OF BANDS, AND ON MONTREAL BAND **ME, MOM AND MORGENTALER'S** NEWEST ALBUM, "SHIVA SPACE MACHINE," HE CONTRIBUTED THE ART ON THE COVER. HIS SENSE OF DESIGN IS BLUNTLY APPARENT. HIS STYLIZED LINES AND FORMS SPEAK OF DEDICATION AND LOVING CRAFTSMANSHIP. TWO THUMBS UP FOR RUPERT!

WHY IS HE NOT RICH?!

DAVID BACHA

ALIAS

"ABU"

AN INTUITIVE GENIUS, A TRANSPLANTED U.S.A.-TYPE GUY WHO HAS BEEN PRODUCING BEAUTIFUL WORK FOR OVER TEN YEARS. ONCE HE WENT TO TOWN HALL TO GET A PERMIT TO SELL HIS MINI-COMICS ON THE STREET, BUT WAS TOLD THAT HIS WORK WAS NOT ☆☆ "ART." ☆☆ HE'S STILL PISSED, AND I DON'T BLAME HIM. THIS SURE CAN BE A CRAZY PLACE...

...I MEAN, YOU HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT A CITY GOVERNMENT THAT, EVEN THOUGH THE CITY IS DYING ECONOMICALLY, DENIES AN ENTREPRENEUR A CHANCE TO LEGALLY MAKE A LIVING DOING WHAT HE LIKES. PRETTY DEPRESSING, BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND, I JUST HEARD THAT MASS PRODUCING HIS COMIC ART QUALIFIES ME FOR A NOBEL PEACE PRIZE, SO I'M IN! DAVID ALSO DESERVES RECOGNITION FOR THE FEAT OF SURVIVING A MONTREAL FINE ART EDUCATION WITH HIS FIGURATIVE FACULTIES STILL INTACT. HE WORKS HARD--AND FAST! SOMEBODY GIVE THIS GUY SOME WORK! HE, ALSO, SHOULD BE RICH.

CARLE BACHA (A.K.A. ZIPPERHEAD) CARLE IS SORT OF A STREET PERSON COMIC ARTIST MUSICIAN AMERICAN RAGAMUFFIN TYPE. TOGETHER WITH HIS COUSIN, DAVE, HE HAS BEEN SILKSCREENING HIS OWN COMICS SINCE THE EARLY 1980's, PRODUCING CLASSIC TITLES LIKE "KNIFE IN THE FACE" COMICS AND "STEP DOWN YOUR THROAT" COMICS. BOOKS THAT LINGER ON IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS MINDS OF THOSE WHO CONSUMED THEM. THEY CALLED THEMSELVES "BEWARE THE FUNNY FARM FREAKS."

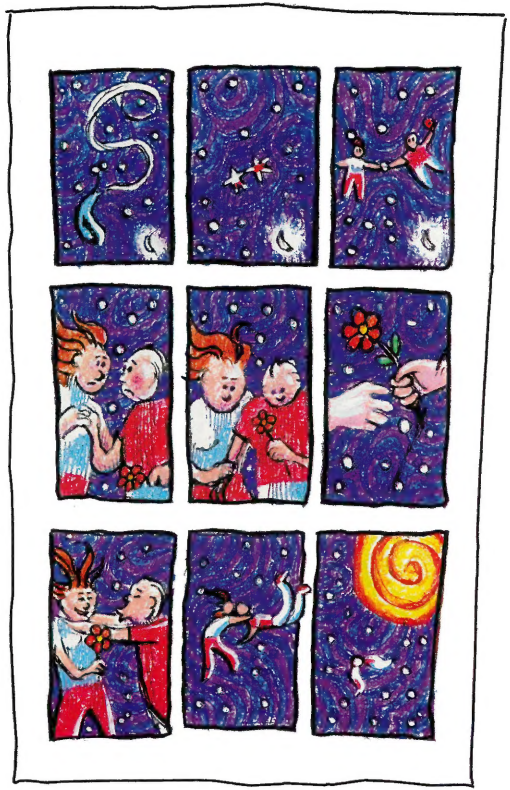
I BELIEVE THAT CARLE IS IN TOUCH WITH A SPECIAL ENERGY. HE LIKES TO WORK SPONTANEOUSLY AND WILL COLLABORATE ON SOMETHING AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE. THESE DAYS HE'S WORKING ON A RAP ACT AND A ROCK OPERA. HIS FIRST RECORD (VINYL LIVES!) CALLED "FEEL THE VISION" IS ABOUT TO BE RELEASED, AND HE TEACHES "HAPPY" YOGA ON THE MOUNTAIN EVERY SUNDAY. HE IS ALSO CURRENTLY FIGHTING A COURT BATTLE WITH THE CITY OVER A HUGE FINE FOR PAINTING GRAFFITI IN AN ALLEY. NO JUSTICE! IT IS ONLY FAIR THAT HE TOO BE FINANCIALLY INDEPENDENT!

THE ORIGIN OF SKULSUCKER ZIPPAHEAD

IF YOU ARE NEW TO "THE JAM," THEN YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT THOUGH THIS IS THE FIRST ISSUE OF A NEW STORY ARC, IT'S ACTUALLY ISSUE #6, AND IT BUILDS ON WHAT WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE PREVIOUS ISSUES, SO THEY WOULD BE USEFUL TO READ FOR BACKGROUND MATERIAL. THEY WERE PUBLISHED FIRST IN BLACK AND WHITE BY SLAVE LABOR GRAPHICS, THEN REPRINTED IN COLOR BY TUNDRA PUBLISHING. THE COLOR VERSION ALSO FEATURES BACK-UP STORIES BY ALL THE ARTISTS IN THIS ARTICLE. I BELIEVE BOTH PUBLISHERS HAVE COPIES IN STOCK. THOSE INTERESTED IN OBTAINING THESE ISSUES SHOULD WRITE DIRECTLY TO THE PUBLISHERS PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED. A COLLECTION OF THE FIRST FIVE BOOKS INTO ONE HANDY-DANDY VOLUME IS NEXT ON MY LIST. I WANT TO GET THIS INTO BOOKSTORES! IF YOU LIKE THIS COMIC AND WISH TO ENCOURAGE ITS PRODUCTION, THEN JUST TELL A FRIEND ABOUT IT! YOU KNOW THE DRILL. IF YOU ALREADY DO, PROFOUND THANKS TO YOU! SEE YOU IN A FEW MONTHS WITH MORE NEW STUFF. I'M WORKING ALL THE TIME.

-BEM 93-

NEXT ISSUE:
THE AMAZING HISTORY of
BEM93



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